Confessions

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Confessions

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 20: Dirty Talk.

Will is reluctant to confess what he's been fantasizing about during therapy, but Hannibal is determined to pull those fantasies out of him one way or another.

Notes

Warnings info: Hannibal is very pushy, but I don't think this counts as dubcon (Will is hesitant and kinda embarrassed, but into it). It does however include some pretty extreme strangulation fantasies.

Side note, this marks 2/3 of the way done with Kinktober! ~~and only 2 months behind schedule!~~ Thanks for all the support. :)

Update! This fic now has an amazing sequel thanks to justlikeyouimagined, exploring some of the asphyxiation/death kink stuff. It's darker in tone, and heed the tags! But I wholeheartedly endorse it.

“You seem distracted today, Will.”

Will paused his pacing around Hannibal’s office for just a moment, taking a quick glance at where Hannibal stood before resuming. “More distracted than usual?”

“Yes.”

He shrugged, tracking his fingers over the spines of books on a shelf. “I’ve been feeling restless. Like my nightmares are nipping at my heels. Feels better to keep moving and not give them the chance to bite.”

“More than restless, I think. You must find a way to relax.” Will jumped slightly, realizing Hannibal had suddenly gotten very close to him. He turned his head just enough to make out the nearness of his shoes, then his gaze darted away.

“Easier said than done,” he snapped. “I still don’t know how I’m supposed to relax when resting just makes it worse.”

“I have some suggestions that do not involve resting. Though they are somewhat unconventional.” He stepped even closer, and Will tried to cover his self-conscious blush with a glower.

“Isn’t ‘unconventional’ the default with you, anyway?”

Hannibal put his knuckles under Will’s chin, and Will flinched, but froze when Hannibal was persistent, lifting his chin to try to make eye contact, even though Will's eyes still flitted nervously away.

“You’ve been under so much stress, and yet you still deny yourself the pleasure you desire. If you give into it, I’m sure you’ll find some of that stress relieved.”

“What kind of pleasure do you have in mind?” He didn’t have to ask, really—not when he was reading arousal from Hannibal in waves. Goosebumps tracked up his arms.

“Perhaps you should be the one to tell me. You’re the one who seems unable to pay attention during therapy. Where has your mind been wandering?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know.” He bared his teeth, defenses flaring at the invasive questions, and tried to pull away. But Hannibal grasped his chin and would not release it, his demeanor suddenly changed from sly to firm.

“I think I *do* know, Will, but it would be rude of me not to give you the chance to say it first.” He paused, but Will wasn’t about to be forthcoming. “Sexual arousal is easy for me to notice. And with yours so frequent when we are in close proximity, I can only conclude that I am the focus.”

Will didn’t know what to say. His gaze fixed in the distance, somewhere over Hannibal’s shoulder, and his jaw set, even as he felt his face heat.

Hannibal stroked a hand over the taut muscle of his jaw. “So tense. It would be much easier for you to simply admit you’re distracted in therapy because you’ve been fantasizing about my cock.”

The sudden vulgarity made Will flinch. And he wasn’t sure what to say—Hannibal was right, and he was mortified that it had been so obvious.

“How do you imagine it?”

“Y-your cock? Or…”

“Whatever it is that has been distracting you these past few weeks, other than the obvious nightmares.”

He swallowed. He tried to search for an easy out, but Hannibal’s grasp was firm, and he didn’t want this to turn into a physical struggle. He closed his eyes and tried to imagine Hannibal wasn’t staring at him like that.

“I imagine it being thick. Uncut. I’ve… never seen one uncut before, in person, and I think it’d feel good. Big enough to choke on.”

“Mm. Do you savor the idea of taking me so deeply you choke on me? Of me fucking into your throat and claiming it as mine?”

Will nodded, though deeply flushed. His mouth was so dry. “Yes. Fuck. And I’ve been thinking about how it would feel if you… just bent me over your desk and fucked me. Just… took me.”

He could feel the heat of Hannibal’s body as he pressed closer.

“And then?”

“Then…” He faltered as he realized Hannibal was pushing him back, toward the desk in question. He tripped over his own feet and his eyes flew open. Hannibal was looking at him like he was a particularly tasty morsel of food.

“Go on.”

“It wasn’t a suggestion,” Will said weakly. “We shouldn’t…”

“I’ll decide what’s best for your therapy, Will. Continue.”

“That’s…” The back of Will’s thighs collided with the desk, and he whimpered. “That’s about it. I think about you fucking me over your desk.” That wasn’t the whole truth. But Hannibal only wanted to know the sexy part of his fantasies, right? At least, right now. He didn’t want to know about whatever fucked up things Will’s brain thought up to go with it.

“Have you ever been sexually penetrated?”

Will shook his head. “Uh, fingers. Nothing else.”

“Good. Novel experiences are healthy for you.”

That made him smile. “I’m not sure about that. Is it *really* healthy to let your psychiatrist fuck you, Dr. Lecter?”

“More healthy than denying your own desires, certainly. And if those desires are mutual, I see no reason not to put them into action.”

Will blinked, feeling a bit feverish. His brain was slow to process everything. “Mutual?”

“I’ll admit, Will, that I have also been rather preoccupied with the thought of you taking my cock. I’ve wondered how you would look, how you would sound. How you would feel when your hole clenches tightly around me, unused to the breadth of my cock.”

Will’s eyes widened and his tongue slipped out unconsciously to wet his parched lips.

Hannibal smiled—a devilish, predatory smile—and Will reconsidered his assumption that Hannibal wouldn’t be as interested to know the fucked up details of his fantasies.

“You are unaware of how beguiling you are when you are off your guard, Will. So much softness beneath that prickly exterior. Violent instincts colliding with a desire to yield and simply feel pleasure.” In a languorous, velvet voice, he said, “Now lower your pants, please.”

Will froze entirely for several seconds, until it became clear that Hannibal was not joking. With his heart hammering in his ears, he obeyed.

“Your underwear, too.”

Some part of his brain was screaming, anxiety spiking at finally going through with these fantasies, but he blocked it out and did as he was told. As overwhelmed as he was, he was almost surprised to see he was half-hard.

Hannibal took his time admiring the view. He examined Will's cock with almost clinical fingers, testing the hardness, and making Will even harder as a result. “Turn around and place your hands on the desk.”

Will balked, but Hannibal moved to retrieve a small, clear bottle from the desk drawer, and before he knew it his hands were on the polished surface.

“I won’t be able to see your cock like this,” he said, as if this argument might safe him from any indignity.

“Delayed gratification is good for you. I won’t tolerate you acting like a spoiled brat.”

The click of a bottle cap made him tense. “Hannibal, I… I really don’t think…”

“There’s no need to think, Will. Just relax and give your body what it wants.”

So he stayed in place, eyes closed, arms shaking slightly. Then something cool touched the rim of his ass, and he jumped.

“Relax, Will.” A hand pressed firmly against his back and made him bend over more, easing onto his elbows. He released his breath with a loud hiss. He was both embarrassed and unbearably aroused by this position.

He could feel a finger teasing at his entrance. When it pressed inside, a noise flew unbidden from his throat and he winced.

Hannibal spoke over his uneven breaths and racing mind in a voice that now held more than a hint of gravel. “You should see yourself like this, Will. You look exquisite. So anxious you’re shaking from it, yet so wanting and vulnerable as you prostrate yourself.”

Hannibal’s finger circled inside him before a second was pressed in. Will squirmed slightly, the pressure becoming uncomfortable.

“Do you have any notion of how affecting it is to feel how tight you are now, and anticipate how you will feel once my cock is inside you?”

Will just whimpered in response as Hannibal’s fingers curled and pressed against his prostate. He pushed back into the sensation, unable to help himself. They scissored him apart and he gasped at the sudden sensation of openness. He could imagine Hannibal’s eyes peering into him and he shuddered and bore down, trying to invite them in. A third entered, and Will was far beyond any thought of resisting this.

“That’s it. Open up for me like a good boy.”

He knew that was exactly what he was doing already, but he still tried to spread his thighs a bit wider for him. Hannibal inhaled sharply and thrust his fingers in with more force, careless with the speed of his stretching. Will felt his body move closer, the fabric of his trousers pressing against Will’s bare thighs. He became aware of how exposed he was while Hannibal hadn’t so much as lowered his own fly, and he squirmed, cock now uncomfortably hard beneath him.

Fingers were no longer enough to satisfy him, and he was certain Hannibal was waiting for him to ask for it. He wanted Will desperate, writhing, begging—no ambiguity about what he wanted, no way for him to hide behind the pretense of going along with the flow.

Then Hannibal pulled out, and Will spent one tremulous moment torn between disappointment and hope that he might be moving forward, even without Will begging, before his asshole was suddenly subjected to something softer and warmer, sliding around the rim in a way that made his nerves light up, almost ticklish in its sensitivity. Then it pushed in and he realized it was Hannibal’s tongue, and he cursed as it wiggled its way inside and out with an obscene noise.

Hannibal’s hands were spread wide on his ass, and Will was beyond self-conscious at this point, and maddeningly aroused. He didn’t know if he wanted Hannibal to fuck him or to keep doing this exact thing forever, but as nice as it felt, he wasn’t at all sure he could come like this.

It only took one more lick inside for him to break, with a keen and his hand slamming helplessly against the desk. "*Jesus*. Hannibal, please…"

When there was no response, he groaned, and said, "Please fuck me already."

Hannibal withdrew his tongue and hummed against his skin, digging his nails into Will's hips. "Are you aching for me, my dear boy?"

"So much. Please."

He heard the sound of a zipper, and then Hannibal's cock pressed between his cheeks, rubbing over his hole. He gasped and tensed slightly. He couldn't see it, but… "Fuck, you feel so big."

"I am. And you're going to take every inch for me, aren't you?"

He made a noise that might have been "uh-huh," or maybe just a whimper. He heard the bottle cap snap again, and then the slick head of Hannibal's cock pressed right against his entrance, right where he was starving for it. It pushed and found resistance.

Hannibal's hand tangled itself in Will's hair and pulled until his head reared back, hands clutching at the edge of the table.

"You need to bear down to take me in," Hannibal said in a low voice. "Can you do that for me?"

Something of the authority in Hannibal's voice and the anxiety tightening in his chest brought out a reflex from his Southern upbringing, an element of etiquette that he no longer used in his daily life. Before he knew it, he'd said, "Y-yes, sir."

Hannibal's chest rumbled, and Will bore down, and then Hannibal was inside him, thick and burning ever so slightly as Will stretched taut around him. Will moaned outright as Hannibal sank deeper inside, giving him barely enough time to adjust. Hannibal felt bigger than he had imagined—so much of his body was taken over by the sensation. He couldn't find words.

"You feel exquisite, Will." Hannibal rolled his hips until he was seated deep inside with a grunt. "Call me sir again."

"Sir?" Will asked, weakly. A thrust left him gasping. The part of him that was embarrassed by this left abruptly. "Yes, sir. Oh, god. Just like that. Oh…"

The movement of Hannibal inside him was nearly agonizing, sending currents of pleasure radiating through his gut.

"Does it feel as good as you imagined to be at the mercy of my cock?"

"Yeah. Yes, sir. It… oh, *fuck.*" Hannibal very nearly fucked him too hard to stay standing, his arms a weak brace against the force of it. He moaned. "You feel so goddamn big. Feels like you're gonna fuck my brains out."

“Is that what you want?” Hannibal’s hand dragged from his hair to his neck, rubbing over his nape and making him drop his head weakly. “You want me to fuck you senseless, until you’re just a mindless hole for me to use? Do you want me to use you with all the care and tenderness of a sex toy, and leave you gaping and dripping with my cum?”

He whined. He was immersed in too much pleasure to be truly ashamed of how much he liked hearing these words, but he was self-aware enough to know under ordinary circumstances he would find them humiliating. “Yes. Just like that, use me like that. *Please*.”

Hannibal growled again. He pressed Will’s head down until his cheek was rubbing against the polished surface of the desk, until Will’s back was arched with his ass high in the air. And he fucked him harder, faster, leaving Will gasping loudly with each thrust and fruitlessly clutching for purchase on the smooth surface.

Hannibal slowed just long enough to huff out more words. “You’re coming apart beautifully Will. So desperate to be taken by me. To be claimed, to be used, to be shown all the pleasure I can give you.”

Will couldn’t speak, but his neck curved, baring his nape as best he could. Hannibal’s hand tightened in his hair, and the sharpness of the pain made his muscles go terribly weak, a broken moan tearing itself from his throat. Then he tensed again, all too aware of what more he wanted, but couldn’t bring himself to say. He stuttered something, just bare consonants, nonsense.

Not just pleasure, he thought.

“Do you have something you’d like to say?”

He shook his head desperately. Hannibal drew immediately to a halt, and Will thought how unfair it was that Hannibal knew when he was lying, even when he didn’t say a word. He pushed his hips back, badly needing more, but was halted by firm hands on his hips.

“Tell me what you want, Will. Tell me precisely.”

Will groaned and fought to press back again. “Fuck me,” he said. “Sir. Please.”

“No, that’s not it, is it?”

His hands clawed against the desk, and he gritted his teeth.

“Tell me.”

He made a small, helpless noise.

“Will.”

Hannibal yanked so hard on his hair that it made him cry out as his head snapped back. Still panting from the sudden pain, he gasped, “*That*. I want you to hurt me, I *need* you to hurt me. *Please*, sir.”

With a growl, Hannibal pulled him all the way upright by the hair and sank his teeth into Will's shoulder. It was enough to make him nearly scream. He was sure he could feel skin splitting and veins bursting under the pressure of his bite. But it didn't stop Hannibal from continuing to fuck into him, and Will couldn't be sure which noises he made from pain, and which came from the careless way Hannibal rutted against an excruciatingly sensitive place inside him.

Then his chest hit the desk again, and his arms were wrenched back and pressed into the small of his back at an angle that made them ache with strain every time Hannibal thrust forward. He tested, tried to pull them apart, and found the grip on them became bruising as he was pinned in place. And all he could do was take the punishing force and moan out something that might have been "thank you."

Hannibal thrust in so hard it hurt, pressed his weight down on Will's crossed wrists until he whimpered in pain. Then Hannibal groaned softly and moved with lazy rocks of his hips, and Will knew he was filling him up.

When he ceased and withdrew, Will whimpered. He clenched around thin air, left with only the sensation of a warm trickle down his crack.

Then a harsh slap came across his ass and his body jerked. He gasped, more shocked than hurt. Then several more, in quick succession, one hand still holding his wrists against his back and anchoring him in place as the pain intensified.

Hannibal paused and squeezed his stinging flesh. "Do you find pain a necessary aid to achieve release?"

He tried to gather his thoughts together into something coherent. "It's not necessary. But it… it's nice."

Another slap came, feeling hard enough to bruise, and he whined, arms tugging slightly for freedom, though he had no intention of making a genuine attempt to escape.

"Do you enjoy this, Will? Is this what you imagined when you were daydreaming in therapy?"

"Y-yeah, but not this specifically."

"Tell me what you did imagine."

He shook his head, cheek rubbing against the desk. still too mortified by the details of his fantasies to say them out loud.

"Tell me, or you won't be allowed to come."

Will took a deep, shuddering breath and exhaled harshly. "Mostly I thought about you choking me as you fucked me."

"Good. Tell me more." His hand stroked over Will's bare thighs, and Will realized they were trembling. "How far did you imagine that would go?"

“Until I’d pass out,” Will said, just a whisper. Hannibal’s hand clenched possessively where it lay, and now that he’d started this confession, he couldn’t stop. “And you’d just… keep going. Using me when I was unconscious. And I’d keep going back and forth between conscious and unconscious and all I’d know, whenever I woke up, was the feeling of you fucking me so hard it hurt and squeezing my neck until it would bruise, and that lightheaded feeling of having not nearly enough air. And it’d just… you’d just keep going.”

“Would you eventually wake up to find yourself empty and leaking my cum?”

“M-maybe.”

Hannibal released his wrists and dragged him up by his hair. His breath was hot against Will’s ear when he asked, “Or did you imagine you’d die like that? With my cock still inside you, splitting you open? Forcing your final breath from your body?”

Will squirmed. He was hard and throbbing, and Hannibal was making it worse. Too much heat and pressure building inside him.

“Yes,” he gasped.

Hannibal huffed against his neck and nipped sharply, dragging the skin between his teeth. “In the future, Will, I must insist you be more forthcoming with such enthralling fantasies. You won’t be dying today, but I can provide an alternative.”

Hannibal’s hand went from his hair to his throat, while the other slid fingers between Will’s cheeks and into his still-slick hole.

“What are you doing?”

“Testing to see if you can come from prostate stimulation alone before lack of breath renders you unconscious.”

Will moaned, the heat in his gut growing nigh unbearable. He didn’t try to protest, didn’t actually want anything other than this.

Hannibal’s fingers weren’t as satisfying as his cock, but his hand was so strong and broad around Will’s throat that it didn’t matter. When he started to apply pressure there, and his fingers pressed in until they found his prostate, massaging it in small circles, he felt like he had gone to heaven.

“I can still feel my seed inside you, keeping you nice and slick for my fingers.” They slid easily in and out. “How does it feel, knowing I have marked you in this way?”

“Good,” Will whispered, voice not capable of anything more at the moment. “Like you… own me.”

“I believe I do, my dear boy.”

Will shivered and cried out hoarsely as Hannibal pressed almost too hard, prostate oversensitive under his fingers.

“You said no one else had penetrated you before, and I expect it to stay that way.” His fingers twisted sharply. “If I am being cast as your executioner, I ought to have exclusive rights to your life, shouldn’t I?”

“Yes.” Between thin breaths of air, he said, “Yes, *sir*.”

Hannibal thrust with force that was almost cruel, making Will keen. “*Good boy*.”

His hips rocked, desperate for the surging pleasure from each press of Hannibal’s fingers. He was growing lightheaded, and the praise made him feel even weaker. His eyes fluttered closed, spots of light and dark prickling across his field of vision. He felt tension strung tight through his whole body.

Finally, just when he thought he was going to lose consciousness before coming, his orgasm burst forth, blanking out his mind entirely as he gasped and trembled.

He thought maybe he did lose consciousness for a minute then—his ears were ringing and he couldn’t quite make out light and color before him. His body, too, was tingling and indistinct, only held upright by Hannibal’s arms.

When he regained awareness and was left swaying in place when Hannibal released him, he looked down to see he’d left splotches of white on the desk. Hannibal gathered himself back together, and when Will turned to see him, his ruffled hair and flushed face were the only obvious signs of what had just transpired. When he saw Will looking at him, he handed him a tissue.

Will took it silently. His throat hurt, and he wondered if there would be bruises, later. The thought was far more pleasing than he’d care to admit.

He tried to clean the stain off his shirt, and some of the mess between his legs. But he was reluctant to be very thorough, irrationally attached to the idea of having Hannibal’s cum clinging to his skin as he went about his day.

“Don’t worry,” Hannibal said, as if reading his thoughts. “If you find yourself aching from the lack of me, I’m happy to give you more.”

Will looked up at him, lips parted. He was afraid to ask exactly what this would involve, what kind of arrangement they’d fallen into here.

But Hannibal, of course, knew. “The same rules will apply. You’ll have to tell me precisely what you want in order for me to fulfill your desires. Do you think you can do that?”

Will nodded. And smiled, because he wasn't the only one to have revealed his hidden desires in this exchange. "Yes, sir," he said, voice raspy. Practically a purr.

The look on Hannibal's face was entirely satisfying.

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